Numb. 13

The Engliſh LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: Being Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Monday *March* 28, to Monday *April* 4.

Weſtminſter, March 29.

A Poor debauch'd Journey-man, having taken the Creature in abundance, could neither carry it nor himſelf home to his Cockloft apartment, but was forced to lay him down upon the Bed of Nature. A Watch-man coming that way, ſpy'd the fellow (being deform'd and Hill-back'd) and took him for a Portmantue with a Hat-Caſe to it; and looking upon the Booty as conſiderable acquainted the Conſtable with his good fortune, who came in all haſt to examine the poor drunken bundle, but finding how much they were miſtaken in the Purchaſe, for very Vexation they convey'd him to the Cage and Empounded him for that night. In the morning, before 'twas light, came a Neighbouring Pig-heard to look for a ſtraid Grunter of his family, who finding *Pickled-Cowcumber* in the Pound took him for his ſtray, and joyful at the diſcovery, began to School him in a kind of ſoliloquious Dialogue after this manner. *O have I found you at laſt? where have you been rambling trow? but 'tis an old ſaying and a true, the ſtill Sow drinks up all the Trough, &c.* A great deal more he ſaid to this purpoſe as near as I can geſs, for to tell you the truth I did not hear him, and at laſt poking him with a ſtick he had in his hand rouſed up the Dromedary, who was yet as drunk as *Davids* Sow, however, after much adoe, having raiſed himſelf upon his hind-feet, he began to mutter, which ſo terrified the Pig-driver that he went home with his briſtles an end, and ſwore he had ſeen the Devil in the ſhape of a Pig, but onely that he had ſawcer-eyes.

Black-Fryers, March 70. A Mechanick and his Wife, of this place, having ſeverally ſet apart this for a day of merriment, there aroſe a great controverſie between them, which of their humours ought to be gratifi'd. The Woman was very peremtory, and ſwore it was her turn, and ſhe wou'd go; but the good man knowing both the Right and the Power to be of his ſide, added Policy to his Authority, and putting all her Holly-day-'parrel in a Tub of water, ſo ſecur'd her, that for that day he triumph'd in the conqueſt even to intoxication. Being led home in that condition, beaſtly as well in reſpect of his habit as his underſtanding, his Wife had carefully provided him a delicate diſh of Rogues and Raſcals, which ſhe gave him Piping-hot for his Supper, and after ſhe had read him a Chapter of terrible hard Names got him to Bed; but finding him in a condition which ſome men have thought to be fortunate, upon a more neceſſary conſideration than that of *Lex talionis*, ſhe took his cloaths and carried them to the fore mentioned Tub, and threw them in, reſolving it ſhou'd be the laſt time that ever the Petticoats ſhou'd give place to the Breeches.

Cow-Croſs, March 29. A Yoke of tyr'd Husbands, that drew on the Burden of Wedlock very heavily, to whom the ſmell of Matrimony was as fullſome as that of a Cooks Shop to a weak Stomack, having ſeen *Marriage A-la-mode*, and read *Milton* of *Divorce*, and *Dr. B--* of *Concubinage*, began to be as ſick of their Wives, as a diſeaſed Gallant of over-roaſted Mutton, and once or twice reſolved to try a touch with them in the Spiritual Court, but that, conſidering the tedioufneſs and expenſe of that remedy, they thought it more agreeable to make an exchange (liking each others Wife very well) and to Cuckold one another by conſent, as perhaps they had formerly done without. The propoſition being made over a Glaſs of Wine, was readily conſented to on all hands, and that with as much chearfulneſs and ſolemnity as on their Wedding-day; only that here they made uſe of a Scrivener, inſtead of a Parſon; eſteeming *Noverint univerſi per preſentes*, to be a far more obliging form of Words than I *N. take thee N. &c.* So that having *Signed, Sealed, and deliver'd in the preſence of us* —— They went ſeverally home with their new bargains, faithfully promiſing, and for ought I know reſolving to Gallant one another as longe as they could agree upon the matter, or upon breach of Covenants to pay the Reſpective Penalties; But ſome officious blabbing Goſſip, that poſſibly envy'd their happineſs, made complaint thereof to a Juſtice of Peace, who having ſent his Warrant for them, examin'd the buſineſs, check'd them for their folly, cancell'd their Writings, ſent 'em home with their own goods agen, diſcontented Husbands, tho Contented Cockolds.

London-

London-Town, April 1. This is the day that one Fool ſends another upon a ſleveleſs errand: 'Tis true, he that goes a mile to borrow a left-handed *Whet-ſtone*, does ſomething to very little purpoſe, and he that ſtays at home to expect his return, does very little to no purpoſe; and which of theſe is the veriеſt Coxcomb? By my conſent thoſe that can employ their time no better, ſhould be ſent in purſuit of the *Honeſt men* that are ſtept aſide; find 'em out, pay their Debts, and ſet 'em in *Statu quo*; I'le warrant they ſhall not want employment till this day twelve-month. We hope the Hurrican is pretty well over, and though ſome conſiderable Standards have been Blown up, and in their fall cruſhed ſome of the Under-wood; yet 'tis hoped that thoſe which remain will flouriſh the better for ſuch diſaſters; it being an obſervation among Planters, that fruit trees commonly bear the better for a Tempeſtuous Winter, and that thinning of a plantation is the readieſt way to make it proſper.

From my Lodgings, March 30. This Age is ſo Fantaſtical, and Mens humours ſo various, that 'tis impoſſible to pleaſe all; for that which is *Merry*, ſome eſteem *Lewd*, and what is *ſerious*, others think *Dull*. Therefore, ſince it is ſo, I will for the future endeavour to Pleaſe both, and according to the old Proverb, *Make you both Merry and Wiſe*; in order to which, I Preſent you with the following *Apothegmes*, *Adages*, *Maxims*, or what you Pleaſe to call them.

HE that *Takes much*, and *Gives nothing*, ſhall have more *Wealth* than *Love*.

He that *Gives much* and *Takes nothing*, ſhall have many *Thanks* and few *Friends*.

He that ſpends his youth in *Whooring* and *Dicing*, may curſe the *Bones*, and cry out upon the *Fleſh*.

He that builds *Caſtles* in the *Air*, in hope of a *New-world*, may breake his neck ere he come to half his *Age*.

He that meets an ill-favoured *Woman* in the morning faſting, 'tis odds if he ſhall not ſee a worſe ſight before *Dinner*.

He that telleth a *Lie*, and bindes it with an *Oath*, is either weak in *Wit*, or vile in *Conſcience*.

He that oweth *Money*, and cannot pay it, is *Agent* for *Sorrow*; but he that hath it, and will not pay it, is a *Steward* for the *Devil*.

He that ſelleth his *Cloaths* to be drunke with the *Money*, will *Begg* in Age, or *Starve* for *Food*.

He that makes *Religion* a *Cloake* for *Villany*, deviſeth with the Divel to cozen his *Soul* of her *Comfort*.

He that ſelleth his *Ware*, and lives by the *Loſs*, muſt give over his *Trade*, or die in poor caſe.

If you marry a *Whore*, make much of the *Horne*, but if you marry a *Scold*, fall to your *Prayers*.

If you have a *Friend* and cannot uſe him, you lack *Wit*, but if you abuſe his *Love*, you want *Honeſty*.

He that ſpends more than he *Gets*, will hardly be *Rich*, and he that ſpeaks more then he *Knowes*, will never be counted *Wiſe*.

He that *Loveth* many, can hardly *Pleaſe* all, and he that *Loveth* none, is either *Dogged* or *Fooliſh*.

A *Whores Tears*, are a *Fools Poyſon*, and a *Thieves Watch*, is a *Travellers Wo*.

Swearing and *Lying* is much among wicked *Men*, and yet being ſo little *Beleved* I wonder they do not leave it.

The true Spirit regards no *Droſs*, and he that makes a God of his Gold, will go to the Devil like a *Beggar*.

Vanity and *Pride* make the Fools *Paradiſe*, while *Love* and *Beauty* are Nurſes of Idleneſs.

Bleſſed Children are the Parents joyes, while the barren *Womb* is the *Curſe* of *Nature*.

A witty *Wanton* is a pleaſing *Miſtris*, but an honeſt *Huſwife* is the beſt to *Breed* on.

If Chriſtmas laſted all the *Year*, what would become of *Lent*? and if every day were *Good-friday*, the World would be weary of *Faſting*.

A Thief had Stole a Watch, and being Caught,
Before the Judge, is by the Owner brought,
Where his Examination being heard,
That he the ſame had Stolen it playn appear'd:
The cruel Plaintiff nothing might aſſwage
Unleſs he *Hanged* were: his envious rage
The Judge well nothing, askes, *what mettle was,*
The Watch? The plaintiff he Replyes, *Of Braſs.*
Braſſe! Quoth the Judge, *and is the valew ſuch?*
The truth is, I do not eſteem ſo much
The Watch, replies the Plaintiff, as the *FASHION*,
Which hardly can be Matcht throught the Nation
The FASHION? Quoth the Judge, *pray don't miſtake,*
To think that we Hang Men for FASHION ſake.

Divertiſements.

THe importunate and unmerciful Dun, *a Treatiſe very neceſſary for all Taylers, Mercers, Drapers and others that deal in Book-debts, making their Good Cuſtomers pay the arrears of their Bad ones. Written and Stitch'd by a Journey-man Taylor of both Univerſities, Profeſſor, and twenty years Practitioner in the ſaid Art.*

THere is a young *Houſe* to be Let by *Leaſe* or *Yearly Rent*, with ſeveral convenient Lodgings, as well for *Perſons of Quality* as of the *Meaner Sort*. The Portal is ſomewhat Embrazened, the Front Painted and White-waſh'd, with two Lights next the Street; it was never Inhabited but with 3 *Mice*, now at graſs in the Country, nor has it been well Warmed ſince October *laſt*. Take notice that this *Houſe* was ſaid to have been Fired by Jack the French-man, but that it was Extinguiſhed by the help of Tunbridge-Well-Water the *laſt Summer*, and the Rooms are now as Tenantable as ever: Thoſe that deſire to be better ſatisfied, may enquire at the Boarding-School in Salisbury-Court, mentioned in No. 10 of this Paper, and know further.

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